

Good Morning 425

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Adopted Submarine Honours Local Boy

A GAINSBOROUGH (Lincs) firm, Messrs. Marshall, Sons and Co., Ltd., have adopted a new submarine which goes into service shortly and is to be commanded by Lieut. K. S. Renshaw, D.S.C., R.N.R., son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Renshaw, Foster Street, Gainsborough.

Thus the firm—and incidentally the town—honours a local boy who has risen to a high rank in the Submarine Service and has taken part in some daring under-sea exploits since the war began.

For the purpose of the adoption, a special committee has been formed, consisting of three representatives from the works' management and six from the employees, under the chairmanship of Mr. Pat. Burton, son of the managing director of the firm, and Mr. L. Wood, secretary of the firm's Sports and Welfare Association, as secretary.

This is to be no one-sided adoption. Every member of the firm, from the managing director down to the youngest apprentice, is to be given opportunity of taking an interest in the submarine.

A notice has been posted in the works, suggesting that, in

cially a set of football gear, with blue and white garments, the colours of the Trinity Football Club, Gainsborough's town team.

It is also planned to present each officer with a pint tankard.

Men and women from the factory are to be encouraged to exchange mail with the officers and members of the crew, and it is also planned to keep the crew provided with clothing comforts.

The girls at the factory have provided a huge cake for the submarine's first trip. Every time the ship goes to sea a similar cake will be provided.

The first cake, made by Mrs. Rowntree at the firm's canteen, has 20lbs. of ingredients, contributed by the female employees.

When the submarine returns home after its initial trip, it is proposed to invite the Commanding Officer and the crew to the town to be entertained. They will also be given a welcome and a public dance.

Lieut. Renshaw has already spoken to the 200 employees at the firm and has told them something of the work of the Submarine Service and its part in the war.

Everybody at the works is taking up the idea with enthusiasm. The motto of the submarine is happily chosen: "We shall not flag or fail," words spoken on an historic occasion by Mr. Churchill.



order to carry out the initial "adoption" programme, every employee should give 1s. to the fund. This will be generously augmented by the management.

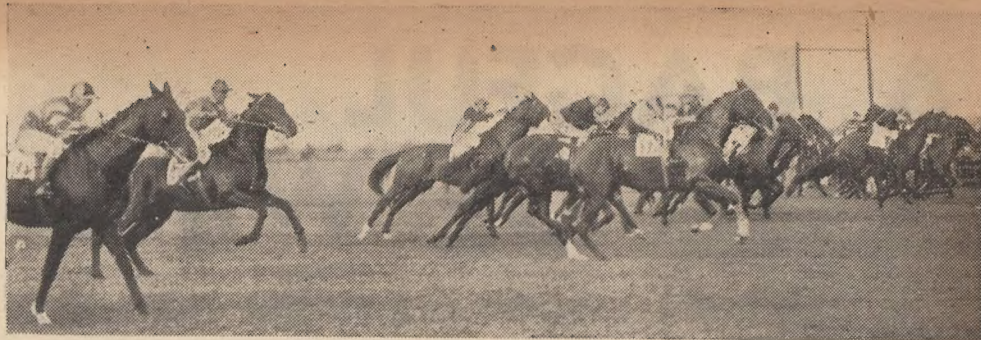
The fund thus created will enable the firm to provide the ship's "Jolly Roger," the microphone, plaque, an inscribed Bible, electric equipment, such as a kettle and iron, woollies, a full kit of sports equipment for use on shore and in the ship, espe-

IS Newcombe's Short odd—But true

Captured by the Germans at Dieppe, Capt. Antoine Masson, M.C., of the Canadian Fusiliers, later escaped, and, visiting a French cinema, he actually saw himself in a film the Germans had made of Canadian prisoners being marched to the cages.

Pisa's Leaning Tower is famous, but at Bologna also there is the Torre Garisenda, a tower abandoned after being built to a height of 150ft. Its tilt is 8ft. out of the true.

"Sport of Thrills"
Cambridgeshire
is race of
prize mistakes
says
R. A. KEMP



WALKED 1,000 MILES— WON CAMBRIDGESHIRE

JUST before the war a French-bred horse named Helliqua was offered for sale to Steve Donoghue for £450—the price of a selling-plater—but he turned down the bargain.

The loss was his when, a few minutes later, little Helliqua won the Cambridgeshire at odds of 50 to 1! It's a race that somehow seems to afford a first-class setting for prize mistakes!

One year, a jockey who was leading the field pulled up before he passed the winning-post. This was Tod Sloan, who, by a queer mistake, pulled up his horse, St. Cloud II, just short of the judge's box. Before he could get on the move again, Kempton Cannon, riding Sir W. Ingram's Comfrey, passed him in a flash.

Sloan's error undoubtedly cost him the race.

EVEN the first Cambridge-shire, in 1839, was taken in queer circumstances. The winner, Lanercost, literally walked across Britain to do it. About a month before the race he walked from his training stables on the east coast of Scotland to win the Gold Cup at Ayr. Then he marched on to Doncaster, won another race, and walked back to Scotland.

A fortnight before the Cam-

bridgeshire he was still at his stables, and the owner, Mr. Ramsay, wondered how he was going to get him across country.

Finally, a three-wheeled van was employed, but it had not travelled far when one of the wheels cracked in two. In despair, one of the stable-lads started off on Lanercost.

The horse arrived at Newmarket stiff and sore, and a touch of the whip made no impression. Yet, after a rest of a few hours, Lanercost won the race easily.

COMEDY OF WEIGHT.

Then there was that amazing scene when Mr. W. Day's Catch 'em Alive was successful in a big field of forty runners, drawing away from the then Lord Westmorland's Merry Heart by a short head.

When Sam Adams, the winning jockey, walked into the weighing-room, he proved to be under weight.

The rider of Merry Heart drew the correct weight, and it became apparent to everyone that Catch 'em Alive was due to be disqualified.

Some of the bookies even shouted odds of 40,000 to 1,000 against its chances.

Then, to the amazement of everyone, the rider of the third horse stepped forward, and also failed to weigh out correctly.

As the weighing of the other jockeys went on, some were found correct, others wrong. Not until Day, trainer of Catch 'em Alive, had a brain-wave and turned the scales over was the mystery explained.

Several small pieces of lead had been fixed beneath the side which carried the weights! When they were removed and the jockeys re-weighed they were all correct.

In those days there were two weighing machines. Most of the jockeys had weighed out at one and weighed in at the other. One jockey who had been unable to get down to his weight had solved his dilemma by subterfuge.

The fact that the other jockeys would show a pound or so under-weight did not worry him unduly. Merry Heart's jockey had intended riding a pound or two over-weight, and the "extra" was not registered on the weighing-scales.

Fortunately—or unfortunately!—no one had taken up the bookies' offer, or a considerable sum of money would have changed hands.

"WASTED" CHANCES.

But of all the amazing dramas of the Cambridgeshire, perhaps none is stranger than that when the great Fred Archer staked the greater portion of his fortune on his mount, St. Mirin, and starved and wasted himself in order to ride with success—only to lose by a short head.

At the outset Archer had not the faintest doubt of winning. He had his choice from the one stable (Manton) of Lord Somerset's (St. Mirin or the Duchess of Montrose's Carlton).

With his fine judgment he picked the better horse, the "Saint," to ride and back—though the public at large were uncertain how to

choose between the pair until almost the moment of the race.

Archer wasted terribly determined to let no chance of weight let him down.

His one fear was a grand horse named Melton, who had won the Derby and St. Leger for Lord Hastings. To another runner, Mr. Gilbert's Sailor Prince, ridden by Tiny White, he had not given a thought. An ill-fated oversight, for Tiny had been promised £500 for winning by an owner who had everything at stake.

SAINT AND SAILOR.

The running presented incredible thrills. At the beginning Sailor Prince reared, and was left two lengths. But he recovered, and at the end was racing neck-and-neck with St. Mirin.

They passed the post, neither knowing which had won. "I think I just had it,"

Who'er has travell'd life's
dull round,
Where'er his stages may
have been,
May sigh to think he still
has found
The warmest welcome, at
an inn.
William Shenstone
(1714-1763).

Let not England forget her
precedence of teaching
nations how to live.
Milton.
(1653-1683).

Where's the face
One would meet in every
place?
Keats.

ALL'S SHIP SHAPE AT HOME, L/TEL. ROY WILLIAMS

PLASTERERS, decorators and electricians, in fact all manner of workmen, are busily engaged in the job of putting your house into ship-shape order again, Leading Telegraphist Roy Williams, and when we called on your family at 167 Brodie Avenue, Mossley Hill, Liverpool, we found your mother cheerfully carrying on.

It would be an error to say you are not missed at home—especially at the moment—Roy, because for one thing we hear you take a great interest in the house, and there appeared to be plenty of clearing up to be done. But your mother has the matter well in hand, and she expects the work to be finished in a couple of weeks.

We managed to find a quiet spot in the front room, and together with Lorraine, who, by the way, would persist in giving us snatches of her favourite Nursery Rhyme, your Mum gave us the home news.

The family are very fit, and all send their love to you. Rennie is due home soon, and his wife is now in the Nursing Service as one of General Montgomery's "Crusaders." She expects to be leaving

shortly for a more active life "somewhere."

Your Mum says you'll be happy to learn something of Lottie, Roy. She and her family are now back again living at your home, and just as we were leaving Lottie arrived, looking very smart and cheerful.

"Please don't forget to mention something of the garden. Roy always enquires about it in his letters," your mother told us.

So out we went into the garden on inspection. The lawn that you laid is flourishing grandly, and the borders looked very neat and tidy!

We didn't get on very well with Tibby, but then, we understand he tolerates nobody but little Lorraine.

We had a long chat with your mother, Roy, and you can take it from us that she is managing very well and not letting things worry her at all these days—in other words, she's keeping the flag flying until you get home once more.

All the best, Roy!

said Archer quietly. "I think I have it, Fred," said Tiny. It is said that Archer looked dazed when the Sailor was declared winner.

Hardly speaking, he pushed his way through the throng about him. A few days later it was whispered that he was down with typhoid fever. Rumours of the losses he had sustained went from mouth to mouth.

A contrasting scene was when Mr. W. Smith's Little David streaked first past the post. Then the cries changed to laughter as it was seen that the jockey, George Fordham, riding at 5st. 10lb., found it a physical impossibility to pull up the animal. Little David ran on and on, and eventually finished up in the middle of Newmarket town!

Your letters are
welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

A BAGFUL OF WIND

EVERYTHING being now ready for leaving San Pedro, we ran up the ensign and broad pennant. At the word, the whole canvas of the ship was loosed, and with the greatest rapidity possible, everything was sheeted home and hoisted up, the anchor tripped and cat-headed, and the ship under head-way.

We were becalmed all day on Sunday, about half-way between Santa Barbara and Point Conception. Sunday night we had a light fair wind, which set us up again, and having a fine sea-breeze on the first part of Monday, we had the prospect of passing, without any trouble, Point Conception.

Towards the latter part of the afternoon, however, the regular north-west wind, as usual, set in, which gave us the chance of beating

round the Point, which we were now just abreast of.

A capful of wind will be a bagful here; and before night our royals were furlled, and the ship was labouring hard under her top-gallant sails.

At eight bells our watch went below, leaving her with as much sail as she could stagger under, the water flying over the fore-castle at every plunge.

We had been below but a short time before we had the usual premonitions of a coming gale, seas washing over the whole forward part of the vessel, and her bows beating against them with a force and sound like the driving of piles.

In a short time we heard the top-gallant sails come in, one after another, and then the flying jib. This seemed to ease her a good deal, and we were fast going off to the land of Nod, when bang, bang, bang on the scuttle, and "All hands reef topsails, ahoy!" started us out of our berths.

It was a clear and rather chilly night, the stars were twinkling with an intense brightness, and as far as the eye could reach there was not a cloud to be seen.

Yet it was blowing great guns from the north-west. One reef after another we took in the topsails, and before we could get them hoisted up we heard a sound like a short, quick rattling of thunder, and the jib was blown to atoms out of the bolt-rope.

We got the topsails set, and the fragments of the jib stowed away, and the fore-top-mast stay-sail set in its place, when the great main-sail gaped open and the sail ripped from head to foot.

"Lay up on that main-yard and furl the sail before it blows to tatters!" shouted the captain; and in a moment we were up gathering the remains of it upon the yard.

We got it wrapped round the yard, and passed gaskets over it as snugly as possible, and were just on deck again when, with another loud rent which was heard throughout the ship, the fore-top-sail, which had been double-reefed, split in two athwart-sails, just below the reef-band, from earing to earing.

Here again it was down yard, haul out reef-tackles, and lay out upon the yard for reefing.

We had but just got the rigging coiled up, and were waiting to hear "Go below the watch!" when the main-royal worked loose from the gaskets and blew directly out to leeward, flapping and shaking the mast like a wand.

Here was a job for somebody. The royal must come in or be cut

adrift, or the mast would be snapped short off.

All the light hands in the star-board watch were sent up one after another, but they could do nothing with it. At length John, the tall Frenchman, sprang aloft, and, by the help of his long arms and legs, succeeded, after a hard struggle, in smothering it and frapping it with long pieces of sinnet.

Now large eyes began to show themselves in the foresail, and knowing that it must soon go, the mate ordered us upon the yard to furl it.

Being unwilling to call up the watch, who had been on deck all night, he roused out the carpenter, sailmaker, cook, steward, and other idlers, and with their help we manned the fore-yard, and, after nearly half an hour's struggle, mastered the sail and got it well furlled round the yard.

USELESS EUSTACE



"And she winds up by saying, if you thought anything of her you'd write!"

The force of the wind had never been greater than at this moment. In going up the rigging it seemed absolutely to pin us down to the shrouds, and on the yard there was no such thing as turning a face to windward.

When we got on deck the man at the wheel struck eight bells (four o'clock in the morning), and "All starboard, ahoy!" brought the other watch up. But there was no going below for us.

The gale was now at its height; the captain was on deck; the ship, which was light, rolling and pitching as though she would shake the long sticks out of her; and the sails gaping open and splitting in every direction. The mizzen-top-sail, which was



Samson is the name, boys, and Samson is the strength. Claiming to be the strongest man in the world, our friend Samson holds together two big shire horses, both pulling in opposite directions. Even wild horses can't draw him apart, it seems.

a comparatively new sail, and close-reefed, split from head to foot in the bunt; the fore-top-sail went in one rent from clew to earing, and was blowing to tatters; one of the chain bobstays parted; the spirit-sail yard sprung in the slings; the martingale had slewed away off to leeward; and, owing to the long, dry weather, the lee rigging hung in large bights at every lurch.

One of the main-top-gallant shrouds had parted, and, to crown all, the galley had got adrift and gone over to leeward, and the anchor on the lee bow had worked loose and was thumping the side. Here was work enough for all hands for half a day.

Our gang laid out on the mizzen top-sail-yard, and, after more than half an hour's hard work, furlled the sail, though it bellied out over our heads, and again, by a slat of the wind, blew in under the yard with a fearful jerk, and almost threw us off from the foot-ropes.

There was no sail now on the ship, but the spanker and the close-reefed main-top-sail, which still held good. But this was too much after-sail, and order was given to furl the spanker.

Having got everything secure again, we were promising ourselves some breakfast—for it was now nearly nine o'clock in the forenoon—when the main-top-sail showed evident signs of giving way.

Some sail must be kept on the ship, and the captain ordered the fore and main spencer-gafts to be lowered down, and the two spencers to be got up and bent, leaving the main-top-sail to blow away, with a blessing on it if it would only last until we could set the spencers.

These we bent on very carefully, and making tackles fast to the clews, bowsed them down to the waterways.

By this time the main-top-sail was among the things that have been, and we went aloft to stow away the remnant of the last sail of all those which were on the ship twenty-four hours before.

The spencers were now the only whole sails on the ship, and being strong and small and near the deck, presenting but little surface to the

wind above the rail, promised to hold out well. Hove to under these, and eased by having no sail above the tops, the ship rose and fell and drifted off to leeward like a line-of-battle ship.

It was now eleven o'clock, and the watch was sent below to get breakfast, and at eight bells (noon), as everything was snug, although the gale had not in the least abated, the watch was set, and the other watch and idlers sent below.

For three days and three nights the gale continued with unabated fury and with singular regularity. There were no lulls, and very little variation in its fierceness. Our ship, being light, rolled so as almost to send the fore-yard-arm under water, and drifted off bodily to leeward. All this time there was not a cloud to be seen in the sky, day or night.

Every morning the sun rose cloudless from the sea, and set again at night in the sea, in a flood of light. The stars, too, came out of the blue, one after another, night after night, unobscured, and twinkled as clear as on a still frosty night at home, until the day came upon them.

All this time the sea was rolling in immense surges, white with foam, as far as the eye could reach on every side, for we were now leagues and leagues from shore.

During these seventy-two hours we had nothing to do but to turn in and out, four hours on deck and four below, eat, sleep, and keep watch.

Once the wheel-rope parted, which might have been fatal to us had not the chief mate sprung instantly with a relieving tackle to windward and kept the tiller up till a new one could be rove.

On the morning of the 20th, at daybreak, the gale had evidently done its worst, and had somewhat abated—so much so

that all hands were called to bend new sails, although it was still blowing as hard as two common gales.

One at a time, and with great difficulty and labour, the old sails were unbent and sent down by the bunt-lines.

Three new topsails made for the homeward passage round Cape Horn, and which had never been bent, were got up from the sail-room and fitted for bending, and sent up by the halyards into the tops, and, with stops and frapping lines, were bent to the yards, close-reefed, sheeted home, and hoisted.

Towards night a few clouds appeared in the horizon, and as the gale moderated the usual appearance of driving clouds relieved the face of the sky.

(To be continued)

WANGLING WORDS—364

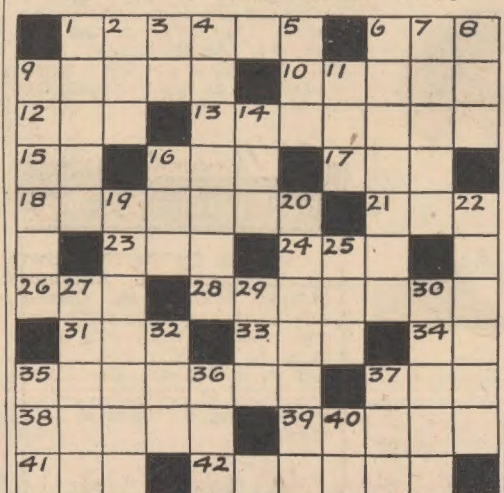
- Put a chuckle in **STER** and make it simply killing.
- In the following first line of a popular song both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? **Uns noe sutj yarel ginnish aws sa grolnm het.**
- Mix **TABLE**, add **-T**, and get a fight.
- Find the two hidden animals in: **He came last week, soaking wet, in something you could hardly call a mackintosh.**

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 363

- ORIGINATED.**
- I went down south for to see my gal, sing Polly Wolly Doodle all the day.**
- Honest.**
- P-and-a, Jack-as-s.**

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Limp.



CLUES DOWN.

- Swift. 2 Moo. 3 Because. 4 Suits. 5 Tropical tuber. 6 Ape. 7 Proverb. 8 Ay. 9 Pigment. 11 Litter. 14 Eastern commander. 16 Olmber. 19 In columns. 20 Normal. 22 European country. 25 Rebuke sharply. 27 Thicket. 29 Drink. 30 Wind. 32 Hiatus. 35 Put quickly. 35 Passing through. 37 Plaything. 40 Behold.

6 Showy.

9 Shut.

10 Dwelt.

12 Chop.

13 Picture

apparatus.

15 Concerning.

16 Male animal.

17 Poke.

18 Sofa.

21 Part of chair.

23 Copy.

24 Pointed tool.

26 Recede.

28 Cloy.

31 Thick wrap.

33 Pull hard.

34 Pronoun.

35 Talk.

37 Neuralgia.

38 African

ruminant.

39 Solus.

41 Through.

42 Cross-wise.

ARGOT DOFFS
REALIZE RAW
ASIDE CHIDE
BINE SLAG D
D ROTATIVE
FUG PAR DAN
LEAVENED N
E BIRD IBIS
COLZA STALK
HIE TRICKLE
ELSIE CHEAP

QUIZ for today

- A lysimeter is used for measuring: Disinfectants, strength of glue, rainfall, speed of wind, rate of perspiration?
- For what book is Samuel Butler famous?
- Which of the following is an intruder, any why?—1, 5, 7, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29.
- Name three first magnitude stars beginning with A.
- What colour is cobalt?
- To which of the following is the thistle most closely related?—Rose, Lily, Buttercup, Daisy, Primrose.
- All the following are real words except one; which is it?—Prolute, Prolegs, Prolix, Proped, Prolate, Propolis.
- What is the capital of Paraguay?
- What is the lightest known metal?
- What does the word "or" mean in heraldry?
- What is a rowel?
- How many books in the Bible can you name beginning with E?

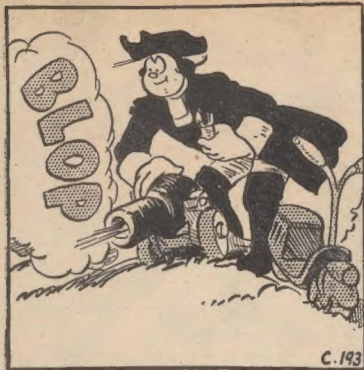
Answers to Quiz in No. 424

- Language.
- Alice in Wonderland.
- Hay is not used for roofing; others are.
- Plant producing potatoes and tomatoes at the same time; first produced by Luther Burbank.
- Red.
- (a) 0, (b) Infinity.
- Perny.
- Squid provides sepia
- Monte Video.
- Great Dog.
- Scale of wages for Government employees.
- Numbers, Nehemiah, Nahum.

JANE



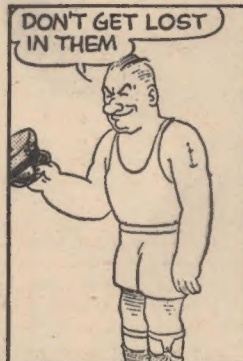
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



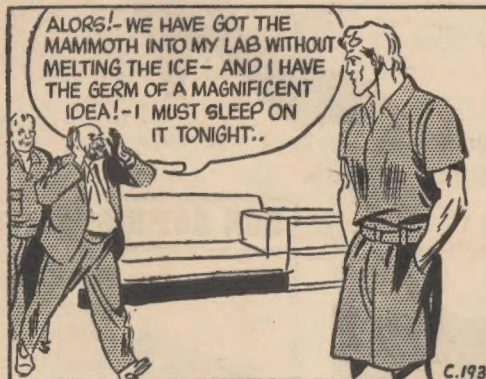
POPEYE



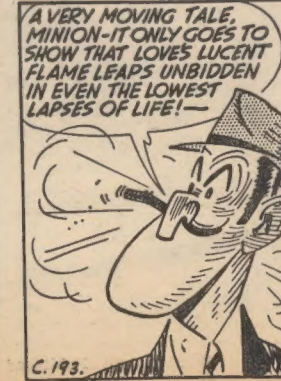
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



I get around-

RON RICHARDS' COLUMN

CHIEF Engineer Edward Date, of Stockton-on-Tees, predicts a 50 per cent. cut in petrol consumption by means of a device designed and patented by him.

The invention produces atomical water vapour, and Mr. Date expressed the opinion that it may be possible one day to run a car completely on water vapour.

The apparatus, which Mr. Date has patented under the title of "The E.D.I.C. Water Vapour Generator," will be fitted to Stockton Corporation vehicles if a proposal to be placed before a meeting of the Town Council is accepted.

Date told me how he set about finding some method by means of which petrol consumption could be reduced.

When his ninth device failed, he smashed it against a wall in despair—and discovered that many of the tubes were choked with rust. This led him to construct a generator from non-ferrous metal, which was successful.



A NEW plastic substance that will make excellent washable shoes, both uppers and soles, has been evolved, and will supply footwear at low cost after the war.

The new material has been developed and tested by the Goodyear Research Laboratory in the United States in their search for a substitute for rubber for motor tyres.

They have perfected it to such an extent that a plastic tyre has already run 8,000 miles under test.

These tyres will be sold after the war to the public cheaper than natural rubber tyres were before the war.

In addition, the plastic can be made into rubber hoses, in colours to match the flower beds, clothes, luggage, book-bindings, and other articles of everyday utility.

Not only motorists, but Mr. Everyman will benefit from this substance, because it can be used for shoes, luggage, upholstery of furniture, raincoats, wall coverings, draperies, and so on.

Shoes made from it can be given a finish to resemble leather, but they would require no polishing—merely wiping with a damp cloth.



IN the "Falstaff," Fleet Street, I met up with showgirl Doris Morris, now in "Panama Hattie."

The pretty brunette ordered fish, and tossed some salt over her left shoulder, because she always does that. Too bad the editor happened to be coming in at that time; he never did like salt, and finds it particularly unpleasant in the eye. Too bad, really, we didn't get a drink out of him.

Apart from the very tasty dessert, I'm glad about the meeting. Doris promised to pose for us in her prize-winning swim-suit.

If you remember Doris's pictures, you'll be as glad as I to see more of her, no doubt.



AT least eight husbands of Gravesend, Kent, have to sit waiting for the word "Go"—from their wives. Till they get their permission they must not budge. They keep an eye on their husbands all day, and in addition to telling them when they can go, also bring them to a standstill when they think it necessary.

This all comes about because from Northfleet, London Transport, garage, eight buses are run by married crews—husbands driving, wives conducting.

The signal to go is purely routine, and is done by the bell.

Believed to be a record number of husbands and wives operating from one bus garage, these partnerships are popular from a domestic point of view.

Say the couples: "We start work at the same time and finish together, so that we can share our leisure time."

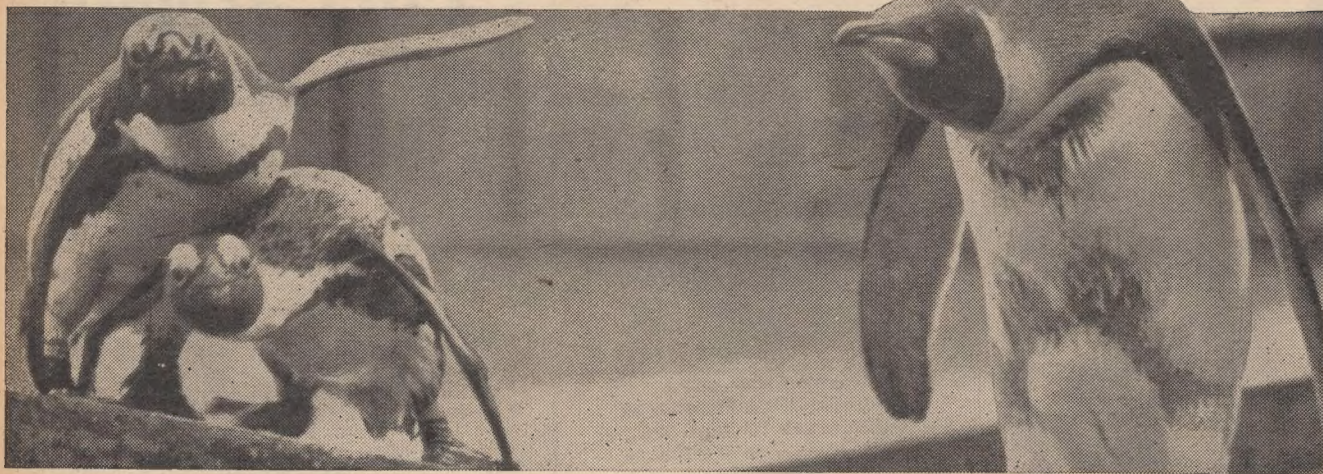
Two of the wives who have completed three years' service on the buses with their husbands are Mrs. Ada Fifield and Mrs. Dorothy Cox.

Mrs. Fifield, who has been married seventeen years, has five children, aged eight to fifteen. Ernest Fifield says that not only does he drive her at work, but he drives her to work—on a tandem cycle.

Ron Richards

Good Morning

"Sheltering under your mother's arm again, you little devil."



"There are other animals besides you, so just listen to this story."



"I'm more interested in females than fairy tales."

This England

Lakeland view of Watendlath, near Keswick, with part of the long Langdate Pikes in the distance.



Universal star, Janet Blair. Who's the lucky guy she's going to date?

OUR CAT SIGNS O

"You should see the dates get!"

